

EL PASO HERALD

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No. 97 *DeRose* Secretary.

For an Appointive School Board

MOST important of all the proposed amendments of the city charter is that which will place in the hands of the mayor the power to appoint school trustees. The transfer of this power to the mayor will work undividedly for the public good. It cannot possibly bring about results any worse than have followed the farcical "election" system. To place the appointing power in the hands of the mayor with consent of the council means making efficient our public school system, which is now managed very inefficiently. It means applying to school affairs the same principles of economical and wise investment of public money as are applied in other departments of our municipal government.

Concentration of power in the hands of a responsible elective officer is the only way the people can hold to account the officers in whose hands they place the machinery of government. Under the present system the trustees of the public schools are not "elected" by popular vote, but are in fact nominated and appointed by an irresponsible political boss. The trustees are responsible to nobody. They elect their own president and the president is responsible to nobody. The irresponsible political boss absolutely determines who shall and who shall not serve on the board. Opposing "candidates" at the farcical "elections" have no chance of election under our present system.

School "elections" in the past have given rise to more political scandal and more corruption of the ballot than any other branch of our local government. The general public has no voice in these "elections." They are managed in the interest of a clique and the farcical nature of the whole absurd imitation of popular balloting is apparent to all. Check lists of voters are thrown open at the polls and it is easy for the workers of the inside ring to poll just enough votes at any hour of the day to be sure that the election will carry for their side. The ordinary rules of balloting are not held to apply and there is little or no effort to insure secrecy and fair play.

The people are called upon to pay in taxes \$150,000 annually for the support of the public schools, but the people who pay the taxes have absolutely no voice as to how that money is expended. The expenditure of the school fund under our present system is not in any sense under the control of the mayor and city council, who are trusted, and rightly so, with the expenditure and investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars of the people's money as to other departments of government. The grand jury at the term of court just closed vigorously condemned the extravagant policy of the school board, which, it gave fair warning, might easily run into criminality. The grand jury expressed the opinion that the affairs of the school board should be scrutinized by every grand jury very closely, in order to guard against misuse of the public funds.

The affairs of the school board under our present system have always been conducted with a degree of secrecy and concealment that is not possible in other departments of the city government. The board is autonomous in its field, under the present system, and is responsible to nobody—of all to the general taxpayer, public which supports the schools. The board divides itself into committees, and these committees assume very broad powers, so that the responsibilities are divided, loose, and indefinite.

The net result of our present system is to separate our school system from all other branches of municipal government and expenditure, and set it up as a private preserve of the political boss.

There is no possible way under the present system to fix responsibility in school affairs.

The only way to correct the abuses which have arisen in our system of public school control is to place the power of appointing trustees in the hands of the mayor.

Then all we have to look out for is to select and elect a thoroughly reliable and capable man for mayor.

The appointing power must be and can be held responsible for the proper administration of the departments over which he has control.

If we can trust the mayor and council to direct the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars of the people's money in administration and improvement in other channels, there is no reason why we should not entrust them with the management of the school system.

As matters are today, things go wrong in the schools and there is no way to put your finger on the responsible person. Protests are unavailing because the trustees immediately refer back to the false, but well sounding claim that they were "elected by the people" and are responsible to the electors—a claim without a shadow of reality behind it, but one that always serves in a pinch.

By giving the mayor power to appoint only a small proportion of the board during any one year, it would be impossible for any mayor to change the entire complexion of the board. There would always be old members on it and there would be a continuing policy. To give the mayor power to throw out all the members and appoint an entirely new board at one time would be dangerous, but that is not proposed. The appointment would be in rotation so as to prevent any mayor during a single term from changing the complexion of the board; and no mayor would dare abuse this power.

This proposed amendment is one of the most important reforms ever inaugurated in El Paso. The appointive system with respect to school trustees has been found practical in many other cities, including several of the biggest cities in Texas. It is the one and only way to "take the schools out of politics" and relieve them from the stigma that results from the corrupt political methods that have always been tolerated in connection with school "elections."

The fight over the constitution of New Mexico will apparently line up for and against the Oklahoma type of constitution. The Democrats seem disposed to accept the Oklahoma constitution as inspired and to fall down and worship it merely because the Republican national leaders have disapproved of it.

This valley needs a strong colonization company with abundant capital. It will have to be financed in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, or New York. The time is near at hand to open up this valley on a big scale and bring in picked settlers, experienced farmers with money.

The main thing for the constitution makers in the territories to keep in mind is to avoid incorporating in the constitution a lot of general legislation. The constitution of a state should be basic and fundamental, devoted rather to principles than to policies.

The long list of martyrs to the science of aviation is being added to daily. A man must be a perfect human machine before he can run safely and successfully even the most perfect contrivance of metal, wood, and fabric.

A high death rate means an unclean city.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I like to read the daily paper, so many stories in it are: "James Jinks, the well known linen draper, was run down by an auto car. His head was split, his neck was broken, he had no chance of being cured; the doctor heard his last words spoken—I should have had my life insured!" "To-day, while Rufus Jones was speeding in his new white and gold machine, he left a swath of dead and bleeding pedestrians where he had been." "We're not surprised that Jimmie Teeple is feeling proud and blithe and gay; he only maimed a dozen people while riding in his car today." "Frank Simpson's car, the owner in it, was out to make some record whirling while traveling a mile a minute, it killed three boys and seven girls. There ought to be a law forbidding the kids from going on the street; at any hour an auto, skidding, may wound or kill them, and repeat." "The motorists are holding rallies, demanding laws to guard their rights; let folks on foot go through the alleys and leave the streets for honking wights."

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Beatrice Fairfax On the Servant Problem

I went to a luncheon the other day. There were eight women in the party and I was the only one unmarried. Being so very much in the minority and feeling that I was only a very unimportant splinter, I took little part in the conversation.

But the rest of them talked. Deary me, but how they did talk! What did they talk about? Babies and servants and "bridge."

I don't play bridge, so I could only simulate a mild interest when that topic came uppermost.

But when they talked babies and servants I was terribly interested.

Many of my friends and relatives have babies and I've done my share in looking after those babies. Therefore I'm interested when they talk about their babies.

As for the servant problem, I'm also very much interested in that, but not in quite the way in which my friends expect me to be.

In the average household they keep but one servant and, very often she is expected to do more than her share of the work.

I know that there are shiftless, untidy girls who do not earn the money paid them. That's one side of the question.

There are also intelligent, willing girls who merely need a little system and training to become excellent servants. If they find situations where the work is done higgledy-piggledy, one thing crowding upon another, and the mistress demands more than they can properly accomplish, they develop into slipshod shirkers.

In the first place, when you take a young girl into your service, you are just as responsible for her moral and physical welfare as though she were your own daughter.

You should know where she spends her time off, what hours she keeps and what sort of friends she makes.

Make her happy in her own kitchen. Remember that youth must have companionship. It is better that she entertain her young man in the kitchen than on the street corner.

Make her happy, and the chances are that she will give you good service. You can be absolutely just without spoiling her.

Make the kitchen attractive. Remember that she spends most of her waking hours in that one room. A light, cheerful wallpaper, a few pretty pictures, two or three comfortable chairs, will work wonders.

I know one woman who always keeps a flowering plant in her kitchen. "I want Mary to see something fresh and lovely when she raises her eyes from the range," she says.

Mary may be your maid servant, but she likes a pretty room just as any other girl does. You can make a very pretty room without spending much money on it.

If you have cause to be angry at her, don't speak until you have control of your temper. It is magnified and does no good if you try to utter a tantrum.

Domestic service, if you are fortunate enough to find a good place, is one of the best ways in which a girl can support herself. A good home, with people who know each other but slightly, is willing to help you to become proficient in your work, what better could you have?

In homes where there are a number of servants, the mistress, often complain that the girls do not get on well together; that there is too much quarreling in the kitchen.

There is one thing to be remembered and that is that if a number of people who know each other but slightly are thrown constantly together it is quite natural that they should have disagreements, and it takes a wise and patient head of the house to keep the peace between my companion.

It also takes the spirit of willingness and kindness toward each other on the part of the fellow servants.

Where mistress and maid both make up their minds to treat each other to the very best of their ability there is peace and harmony, otherwise there is discord.

Fate Of English House Of Lords Hangs In the Balance

IX.—THE BRITISH CRISIS. Tomorrow—X., Abolition, Reform or Compromise.

LONDON, Eng., July 14.—The political war in Great Britain is a war between feudalism and democracy and its issue will be determined by a great battle between peers and people. The question of what to do with the house of lords is the most important political problem in Britain today, since it includes and comprises all other political problems whatsoever. The house of lords represents that tripartite alliance of the landlords, the liquor interests and the church which is the Tory party. It is the champion of the privileged against the unprivileged, and it will fight to the bitter death in defense of the remnants of feudalism which still remain to bless the few and curse the many in old England.

The house of lords is composed of more than 500 peers who are legislators in the upper chamber of the imperial British legislature by reason of the fact that they were born eldest sons of other peers, or because they have been elevated above the plane of the common people by warrant of the crown, entitling them and their heirs forever to this position of honor and legislative power.

While the hereditary principle in legislation is indefensible and is practically undefended, even by the peers themselves, there is an even greater objection to the British house of lords. And that is that 500 of its members, an overwhelming majority, are consistent and reliable supporters of the policies of the Conservative party, and there is no opportunity short of revolution to change this condition.

Conservative Control.

This means simply that when a political issue has been referred to the country for the verdict of public opinion and the Conservative party has been returned to power with a majority of members of the house of commons, the Conservative government formed as the result of that political victory is able to place upon the statute books any legislation it may desire, secure always in the blissful consciousness of the entire sympathy of the house of lords. But if the Liberal party is successful at the polls and is entrusted with the business of conducting the affairs of the government, it never can be certain of its power to pass any law or to make effective any legislative or administrative policy, since it may legislate only by the grace of the huge opposition majority in the upper house.

Those of the people of England who can vote gave an electoral verdict in favor of the proposition of home rule for Ireland. Home rule was defeated by the lords, and every Englishman and every Irishman knows, or ought to know, that the cause of home rule is forever hopeless as long as the house of lords retains its unimpaired power as a coordinate branch of the legislature.

The Liberal party, being in control of the government by virtue of an overwhelming majority of the popular vote, has sought, during the past five years, to enact legislation freeing the schools of the country from the entire domination of the established church, it has framed legislation looking toward the amelioration of the evils of the practically unrestrained liquor traffic, and it has passed through the commons these and many other progressive measures favored by the masses of the people. But in every instance the lords defeated the progressive legislation because it was initiated by the Radical party, and because it interfered with the privileges of the liquor trade and the church, two factors of the Tory Dreihund.

Henry Tax on Land.

Defeated at every turn by the implacable peers, the Liberal government attacked the inequitable privileges of the landlords, the third partner in the triple alliance, by imposing a tax on land. This was a much more serious business because it was a revenue measure and was incorporated in a finance bill, over which the house of commons, according to all precedent and authority, exercised sole and exclusive power.

The right of the commons absolutely to control taxation was the cause of the revolution under Oliver Cromwell and it is the undoubted and sole right of the commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such bills the end, purposes, considerations, conditions, limitations and qualifications of such grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the house of lords.

The exclusive right of the commons to control the finances of the realm was never questioned by direct act of the house of lords, although several times opposition to financial legislation led to an agitation for the revival of the power of the lords. In reply to such movements, the commons time and time again repeated and reaffirmed

Abe Martin



This mornin' Tel Hinkley cranked up his brand new 3-thousand dollar touring car and started for the poor farm, arriving there just ten minutes too late to see his mother alive. A bashful man and a widder or soon married.

the sense of the resolution of 1873 which stood for nearly three centuries as an integral part of the British constitution. Both Tories and Whigs subscribed to and supported this doctrine, and their successors, the Conservatives and Liberals, without division agreed that the commons possessed this undisputed constitutional right.

Even the leaders of the present struggle to recoup the lost and abrogated powers of the peers, emphatically expressed themselves on this question. Joseph Chamberlain, in 1884, said: "Are the lords to dictate to us, the people of England? Are you going to be governed by yourselves—or will you submit to an oligarchy which is the mere accident of birth? Your ancestors resisted kings and abated the pride of monarchs, and it is inconceivable that you should be so careless of your great heritage as now to submit your liberties to this miserable minority of individuals who rest their claims upon privilege and upon accident."

As late as October 6, 1903, Arthur J. Balfour, the leader of the Conservative party, said: "It is the house of commons, not the house of lords, which settles, uncontrolled, our financial system." This was but a reiteration of Mr. Balfour's proud boast that he is a "house of commons man."

But all this was before the house of commons ever had escaped from the leading strings of the so-called "governing class." It was before the time had come when the landlords no longer could control legislation in the commons as in the lords. It was before Lloyd-George, as the champion of the average man, had challenged to mortal combat the panoplied knights of the survival of feudalism.

That doughty Welshman of the blood of Arthur and of the kidney of the Tudors, first convincing his own political allies, and then the first budget of his administration as chancellor of the exchequer, and in that budget he proposed a tax on land. For a year the budget was buffeted about in the house of commons, finally passing without a division.

It went to the house of lords. And there the monstrous proposition was made that even the sanctity of constitutional precedent should stand in the way of defending the privileges of the landowning classes. Messengers went into the byways and hedges and rounded up the backwoods lords who had not been to London since the advent of the era of electric lights. Noble buxom ears inquired their way through Westminster, while decrepit, diseased and imbecile heads were carried bodily into the chamber of the house of lords to vote against the adoption of the budget.

Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour and other distinguished commons of the Conservative stripe at once were forced into a position of defending the revolutionary procedure on the part of the lords, and in spite of their previous utterances they did not vote for the resolution passed by the commons early last December after the lords had rejected the budget. That resolution reaffirmed the ancient rights of the commons in the words: "That the action of the house of lords in refusing to pass into law the financial provisions made by the house is a breach of the constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the commons."

This whole question was referred to the country by the dissolution of parliament and a general election campaign was begun. The issue in that campaign ought to have been the cause of the People vs. the Peers, but it was fought on the merits of the budget, rather than on the constitutional rights of the commons: upon tariff reform, rather than upon the principles of taxation; upon the alleged objectionable personality of Mr. Lloyd-George, rather than upon the right or wrong of the political revolution which he represents. This one thing is certain—the crisis of last year has cast the house of lords into the melting pot and that body must be reformed, in letter if not in spirit; or abolished, in effect if not in fact; before there can be political peace in Britain.

MELLOW TRAVELERS The Herald's Daily Short Story

Exactly what it was that induced me to spend a weekend at lovely, lonely Llantypool I cannot say. Perhaps it was the gorgeous poster which haunted me from a boarding on my way home every night from the office where I work like a nigger for thirty shillings a week; perhaps it was the eulogistic leaflet which found its way to my breakfast table one morning when I was feeling far from well; perhaps it was the singularly moderate tariff of the Llantypool Grand hotel, which, according to yet another leaflet—had just been opened with all the splendor of a hundred bed rooms and "the finest panorama of the Irish Sea extant."

It must have been one of these things which took me to Duxton Cross station late one Saturday night and led me to purchase a week end excursion to Llantypool, because, apart from these things, I did not know the place from Timbuctoo, and none of my friends or acquaintances had even heard of it.

But as I snuggled down into the corner of a third class carriage, there were no seconds on the Great North Western railway—I felt sure that I was going to have a good time.

The journey to Llantypool was a long one. Far too long, in fact. And after three hours had dragged themselves wearily by, I began seriously to wonder whether there would be sufficient week-end left on my arrival for me to enjoy my full guinea's worth.

I addressed myself, accordingly, to the one other occupant of the compartment—a clean-shaven, elderly gentleman. Could he tell me how much longer the journey would occupy to Llantypool? "I cannot," said he. And he said it in so careful and courteous a manner, and he bore so distinguished an appearance while he was saying it, that I felt sure he must be an impeccable duke at the very least, and in the cause of his dignity and an impeccable duke because he traveled third class.

"If he is going to Llantypool," I mentally decided, "I must cultivate his acquaintance."

He was going to Llantypool, he admitted in the most gracious fashion. "And—do you know the Llantypool Grand hotel?" I inquired generally.

"I do not, as yet," he replied.

"It has a hundred bedrooms," I explained.

"So I am informed," said he. "As a matter of fact I am on my way there."

The joy occasioned by my surprise was almost painful.

"For the week end?" I cried.

"For the season," said he.

"We must be friends," said I enthusiastically. "I'm only going there for the week end, but I shall probably run down again. In fact, I may run down quite often."

He smiled enigmatically, and buried his head in a newspaper.

This seemed rather inattentive of him, but it did not disconcert me in the least. I continued to chat brightly to him throughout the remainder of the journey, and he answered me whenever an answer was really necessary.

I did most of the talking. I rummaged my brain for all the clever observations I had ever made or heard in my life, and I repeated them to him as though they were perfectly spontaneous; and I was just in the middle of a brilliant rally which I had borrowed from a book when the train stopped with a jerk.

My companion thrust his head out of the window.

"This is Llantypool," said he.

To tell the truth, I had almost forgotten Llantypool in the pleasure of hearing my own voice; but as we

Ella Wheeler Wilcox On the VALUE OF TIME

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The fault of the age is a mad endeavor to leap to heights that were made to climb. By a burst of strength or a thought most clever. We plan to forestall and outwit Time. We scorn to wait for the thing worth having. We want high noon at the day's dim dawn. We find no pleasure in toiling and saving. As our forefathers did in the old times ago.

We force our roses, before their season. To bloom and blossom for us to wear. And then we wonder and ask the reason. Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting; We want wealth—not as reward, but for glory. And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting. Would feed a forest or build a tower.

One of the best resolutions you can make is to utilize the days (or, rather, the moments comprising the days) in a wise manner. It is wonderful what can be accomplished if we do not fritter away time—that most precious possession which belongs to all men equally and upon which no trust or syndicate can obtain a "corner."

No matter what regular occupation may employ you daily, there are moments which can be used for recreation or improvement if you are in health. A half hour given each day to reading will astonish you at the end of six months with the number of volumes completed.

Even minutes before breakfast, 15 minutes after dinner, will be made use of by you if you make your resolution to take them every day.

You will find you have just as much time as you had before you began this system, for you have been frittering away more than those 15 minutes morning and night, without being conscious of it.

Then, if you are musical, arrange to give 20 minutes every day to sight reading. You can manage it if you are determined to do so.

I knew a busy, young self-supporting woman who had only a rudimentary knowledge of music to make this resolution, and it was amazing to see the progress she made in one year's time. With only 20 minutes each day devoted to this one purpose, she surpassed many professional musicians in her ability to read difficult music at a glance.

If your life is an indoor one, on account of your occupation, snatch five minutes after rising and 10 before retiring for physical exercise. Any book on physical culture will illustrate a few movements for the development of the chest and for the reduction of superfluous flesh and for the general benefit of the whole system.

If, on the contrary, your work is of an exhausting nature, take a half hour or even 15 minutes some time during the day and sit or lie down and relax your whole system.

Do this as regularly as you eat your dinner or comb your hair. Immense benefit to your body, being, mental and physical, will result.

Think of nothing—the most difficult

MORE SUMMER FICTION By WEX JONES. THE PRUDENT YOUNG LIFE-SAVER

Harry Jenkins was a bronzed young Juvvian man who spent the summer at Silver Beach as a volunteer life saver. Already Harry had rescued from the raging waters a woman's hat, a small dog, a tin pail which a child had dropped from the pier, and a New Yorker who had ventured out of his depth in an effort to impress a lady friend. So it will be seen that the bronzed young Juvvian man had a natural aptitude for the job. But in addition to the vein of romance his avocation showed to be in his nature, Harry possessed a shrewdness that he must have inherited from an old Scottish ancestor who, when on the gallows, hesitated to accept the pardon brought him by a rider, lest there should be something to pay on it.

So one day when the expected happened and a beautiful young peach was seen waving her arms outside the ropes, Harry swam rapidly toward her.

"Save me," she cried, clasping her hands prettily as you have seen actresses do in musical comedy when about to be married to the rich villain instead of the poor young hero. (He isn't really poor, you know; he's a millionaire disguised as a gasfitter to test some one's love, and the sooner he gets out of the 'umble mechanic but the heroine gets wise that he has the dough, and—oh, you know.)

So Harry swam a little closer.

"Save me," repeated the peach. Harry was now almost within touch distance, and he produced a paper. "I will read this to you," he said, "and then when you affix your signature I will save you. Listen; it's quite short: 'I hereby promise that I will not regard myself as having any claims upon Harry Jenkins's time or company because of his saving my life, and especially do I abjure all matrimonial claims.'"

And Harry proffered the paper and an indelible pencil.

"But I don't want to sign things in the water," observed the peach. "And, anyway, you ought to save me first."

"Sign, or I will call the men in that boat and let them rescue you."

The threat was sufficient. To be hauled awkwardly over the edge of a boat and rowed ashore would be humiliating in the extreme—the only way to be saved is by a bronzed young man who struggles ashore with one through the breakers.

So the peach signed, and when Harry had tucked away the document in a waterproof purse he saved her in sensational style.

"The peach is to marry Harry in the fall. You see, she found out from her father, who is a lawyer, that a promise made under duress is not binding. Which shows that you can't dodge 'em."

14 Years Ago Today

An excursion party of young El Pasoans is sojourning in the Sacramento Valley.

Two more eagles have been added to the collection in the plaza, the donation of the birds being made today by an Albuquerque man.

Col. Vanvliet and wife of the 18th Infantry have gone to Lewiston, Pa., for a month's vacation.

The Mexican flag on the consulate is flying today in celebration of the fall of the Bastille.

Waters Davis returned this morning from New Mexico.

Millard Patterson returned this morning from New Mexico.

E. F. J. McCarthy, freight agent of the G. H. W. has returned from Marfa, Texas.

Col. Geo. W. Stone, traveling freight agent of the T. P., left this morning for Bisbee, Ariz.

Ramon Montoya, a 17 year old Mexican boy, died at the smelter at 8 o'clock last night, while running after a ball on the handball court.

Good rains are reported from northern and central Mexico.

The Mexican mandolin orchestra will give a concert tomorrow night in Chopin hall.

The county commissioners are sitting today as a board of equalization.

The citizens of Juarez held a celebration last night in commemoration of the reelection of president Porfirio Diaz, and as most of the McGinty band was there, no rehearsal was held by that organization and one has been set for tonight.

The S. P. yards are being placed on grade and new timbers being laid on the crossings.

There is considerable activity noticed in the sale of bicycles in the local field.

Metal market: Silver 63 3/4; lead \$2.90; copper 10 1/2; Mexican pesos 53c.